

INDIANA STATE SENTINEL.
THE OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE STATE—
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By CHAPMANS & SPANN.

The State Sentinel will contain a much larger amount of reading matter, on all subjects of general interest, than any other newspaper in Indiana.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION.

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THE WEEKLY EDITION.

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All advertisements from abroad must be accompanied by the cash; or no attention will be paid to them.

Postage must be paid.

The following Pardon, which we copy from the New York Sunday Dispatch, is not bad, and is surely well deserved.

The Pardon of George Washington.

John No More.
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO "YOUNG PHYSIC," BY THE
EXCEPTION COMMITTEE OF THE ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.

Not a leech was seen nor a copper of blood;

As his curse to the grave we burned;

Not a pillow discharged his missile of mud;

Over the grave where our bleeders we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,

The souls with our laurels burned;

And my heart dimly burning;

Notless could enclose his breast;

Nor in silence, nor in lust we laid him;

But he lay like a bleeder taking his rest;

With his laurels we laid him;

For we knew not what we said;

And we placed in a quiet spot of sorrow.

As we steadfastly mourned the last of the dead,

And my heart dimly thought on the morrow.

We thought, as though we rained down light,

That Halmos would leap with extra delight

Over his globes and fad'd Scotch biddle.

We knew, when our last bid we leave,

That Dickson in London would laugh in his sleeve,

As home, too, would Doctor Bill Turner.

Quickly and briskly we laid him down;

With the fence he had had such a chance at;

We could not a line, we casted not a stone;

But we left him alone with his laied.

A HUNDRED YOUNG MARCHING WOMEN.—Never

left your own aunts to any old gossiping housewife;

Let her appear ever so spruce—so smart—so can-

do—be sure to avoid her, and keep your own com-

panions; for insinuating her off into your confidence,

on which she may feast in secret delight for a

luxurious moment, and then share some of her chae-

rs with her neighbors. Treasure this up and

act upon it, and it will save you years of mortification

if not of mortifying and sorrow.

HONORABLE WOMEN.—A late London paper says—

"In last October two vessels were wrecked off Fishguard; three men were seen clinging to the rigging,

but the sea was so rough that the hardly scum of the

portion of water to venture out with their boats. Two

women, named Eleydwin, were more daring. Having

had ropes attached to them, they entered the surf, and

succeeded in conveying a rope to the wrecks, by means

of which the sailors were got ashore. Both

the committee of ladies and the Humane Society

have contributed in a collection for the heroic women,

who are in very humble circumstances."

LEARNERS OF DAYS.—At Berlin and London, the longest day has sixteen and half hours. At Stockholm and Upsal, the longest has nineteen and a half; and at Hamburg, Berlin and Stettin, the longest has seventeen hours, and the shortest seven. At St. Petersburg and Tobolsk, the longest has nineteen and the shortest five hours. At Torino, in Italy, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two and a half. At Wandsbors, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22d of July, without interruption; and in Spitzberg, the longest lasts 31 minutes.

A CURIOS CIRCUMSTANCE.—We find the following in a late English Journal:—A Wolverhampton man of business once wrote to a professional friend at Walsh, with an accompanying sample postcard:—"Send me 100 dozen *black locks* like the pattern, upon honor." The Walsh professional wrote in reply:—"The iron locks shall be sent to order and pattern, upon the honor, sincerely affording to the shorn *locks* of the man who was under the impression that she was emancipated of him; and forthwith, naively explained that, as he had stood in the way of a gentleman who wished to come and see her unobserved, she had sent him the umbrella to get *him off* her front step."

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NAMED HAS A GIRL! (says the Sunday Mercury,) living in his afflictions, or somewhere in them diggins, named Mary. He perpetrated some poetry about her the other day, which, with his consent, we publish. It goes so sonor:

The gall I love the best of *arg.*

I one I know, whose name is *Mary*:

But when she sighs so melancholy,

To break her out, I call her *Molly*;

And when she laughs and talks quite jolly,

I call her pretty, prattling Polly—*Ido go!*

Crime in China is said to be at the present time to pass all precedent. The Repository, received by a late arrival from China, says—

Two hundred Chinese criminals are said to have been beheaded in Canton during the past year, and many thousands are now in prison. Since the opening of the seals of the provincial officers on the 5th, the work of decapitation has been renewed. Causes are in operation among the Chinese that most year after year continue to swell the tide of evil and baser sin—*it is hard to say what—dreadful calamity.*"

CRIMINALS OF DEATH.—ESQUILIN PHOTOS, etc.,

—Among the Exsequials, according to Sir John Ross, the chief of martial law, rarely occurs.

When it does, the offender's punishment consists in being laid down to a scaffold, to be stoned to death by

his fellow citizens, and the stones are then scattered over his body.

A few days after the good friends met, when the diplomat, scarcely affording to the shorn *locks* of the man who was under the impression that she was emancipated of him; and forthwith, naively explained that, as he had stood in the way of a gentleman who wished to come and see her unobserved, she had sent him the umbrella to get *him off* her front step."

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